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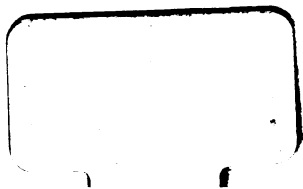
SOLDS OF

TWO PEOPLES



JAMES FINEY

city, America



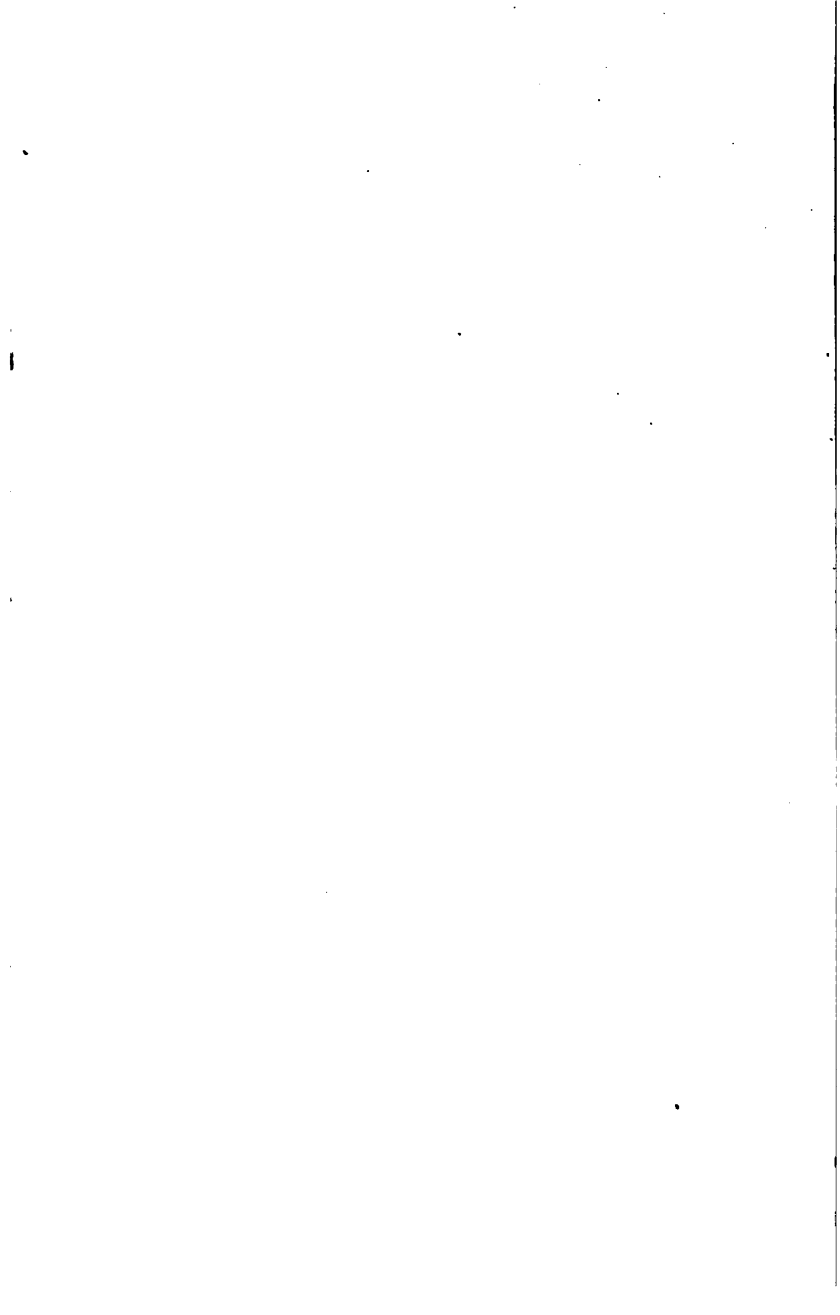
To The Author? League of America.
To the Authors of America in letters easy and ^{read}
This book the last but one is sent in language of
the heart.
Of Racer train divine would sound life
breathing, in youth far!
When Saxon has grafted hand of Celt
neath Destiny's high star.
To leave his country: more than earth's
low, grassed, and measured feet;
The Poet finds at times his own though
melodies that beat.
A heart old Eld directed: - mind - actual - in
its near!
To these have endeavored here to leave it
The low-hedged gap in Byron's wall.
Where I once climbed down one day
After Childhood's answering call.
While waters told the story
And of these but glimpsings found on
readings here are gained.
To show sincerity, long sought for
remembrance.
James Riley.
Boston, July 24th, 1915.

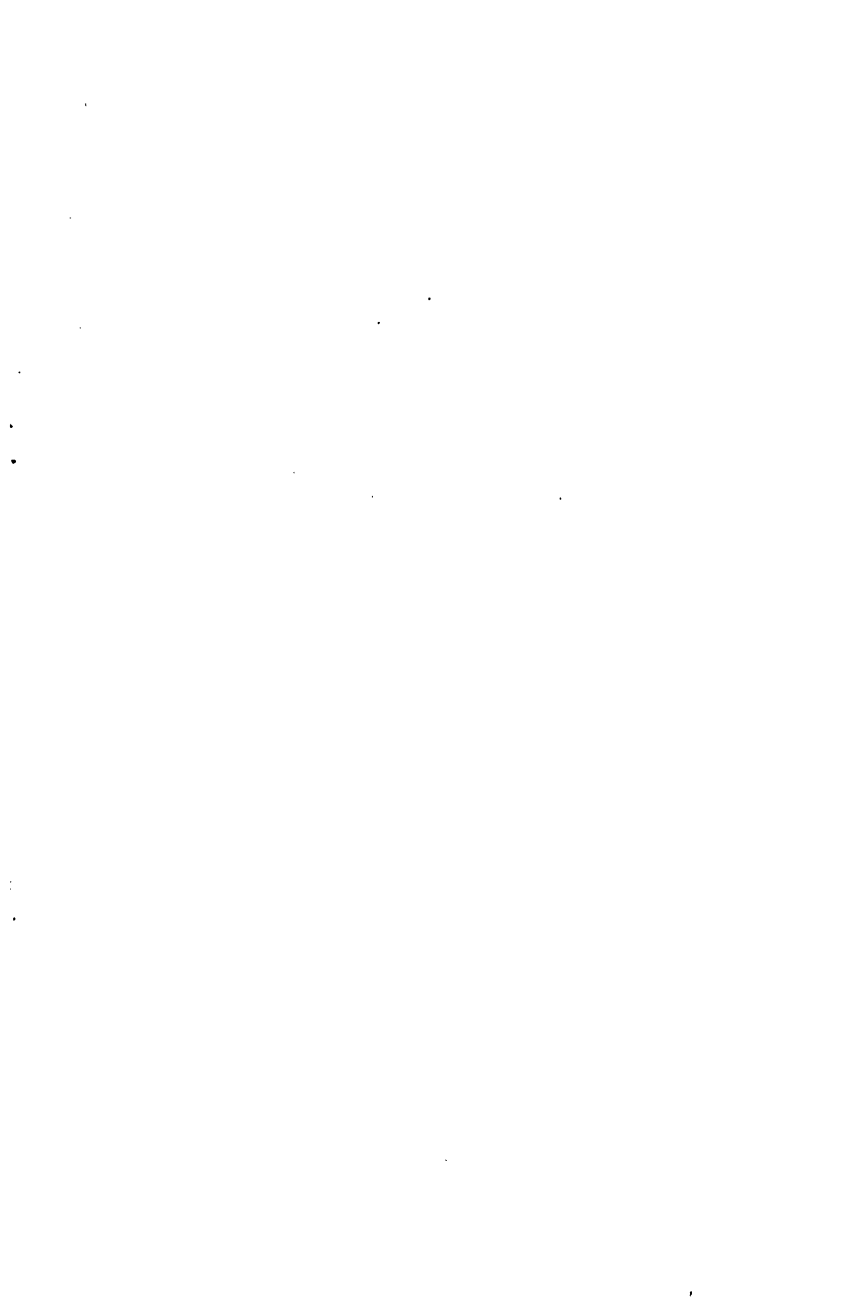


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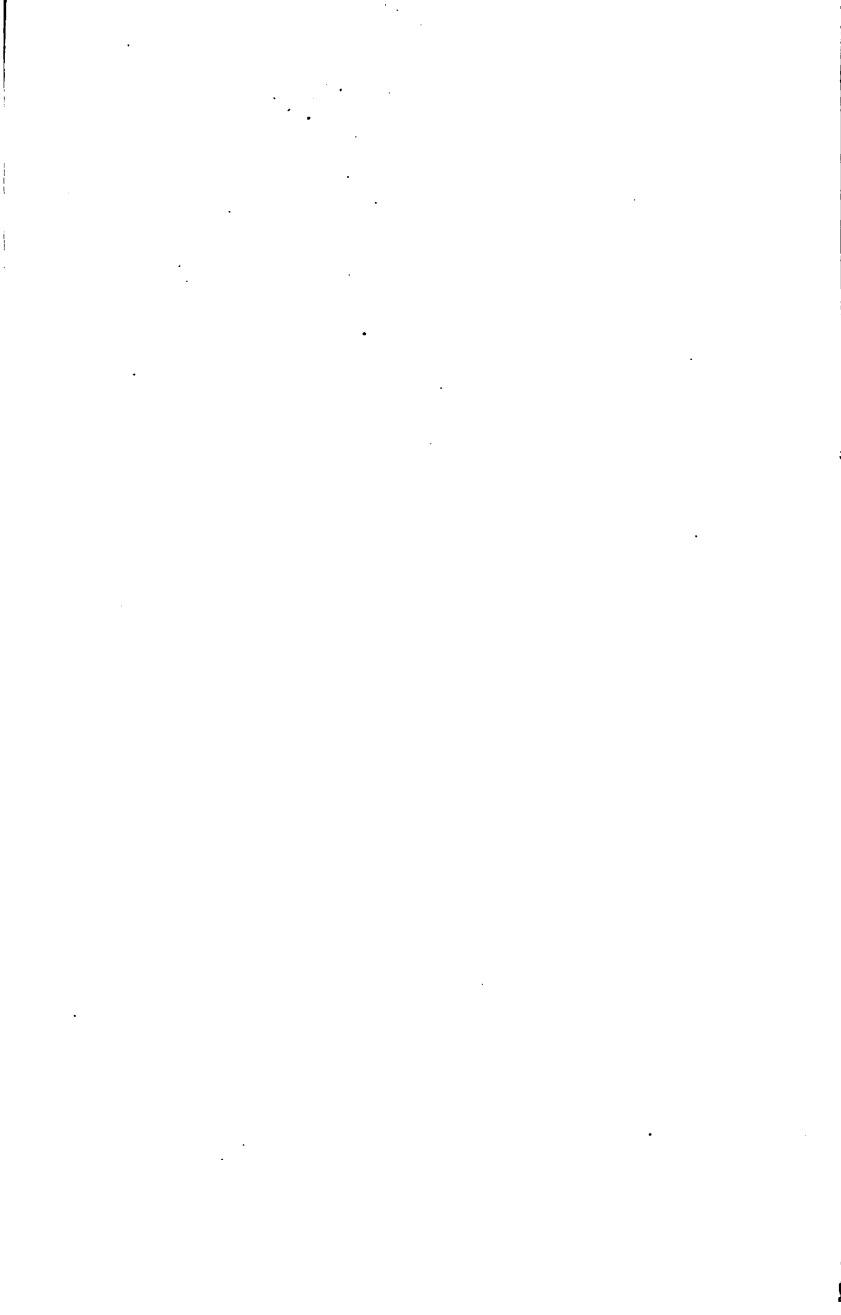
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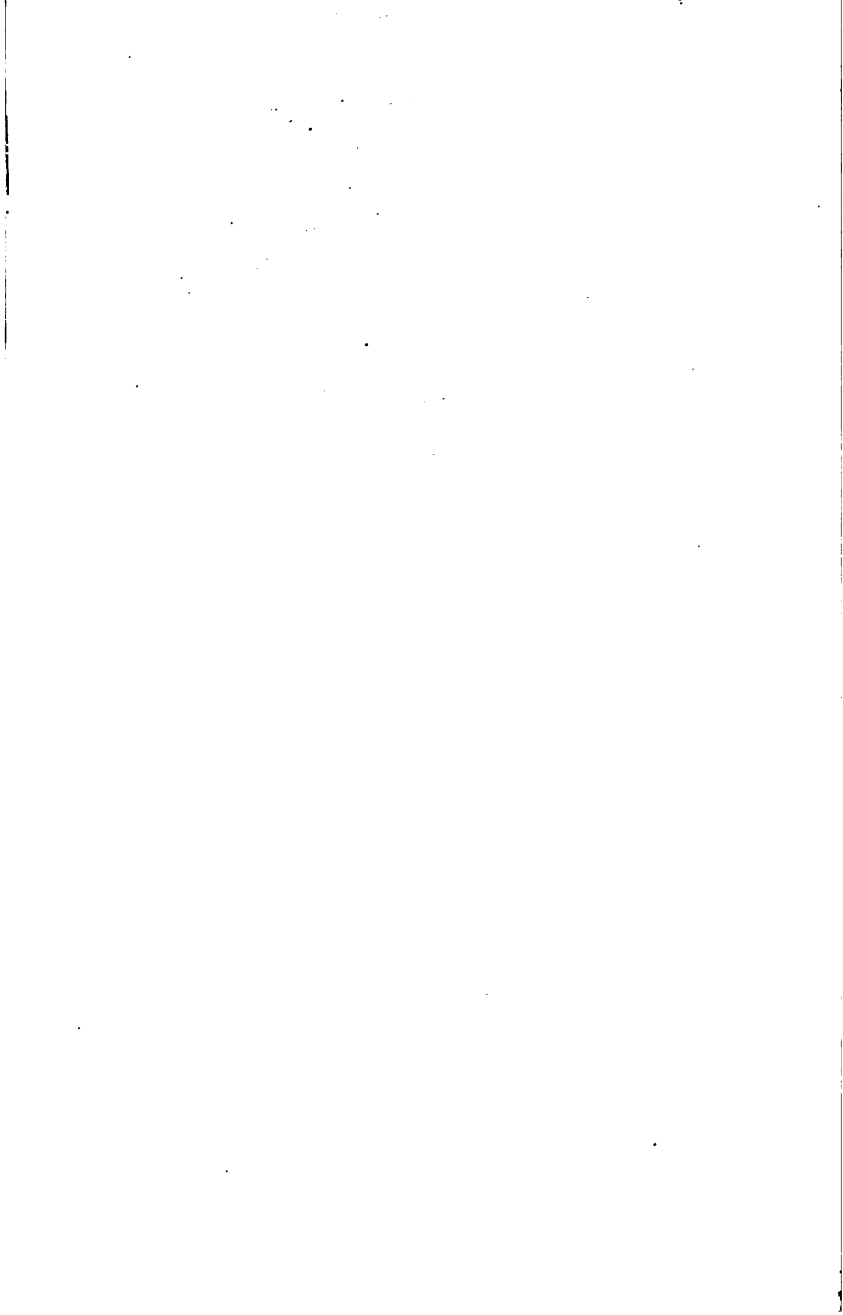


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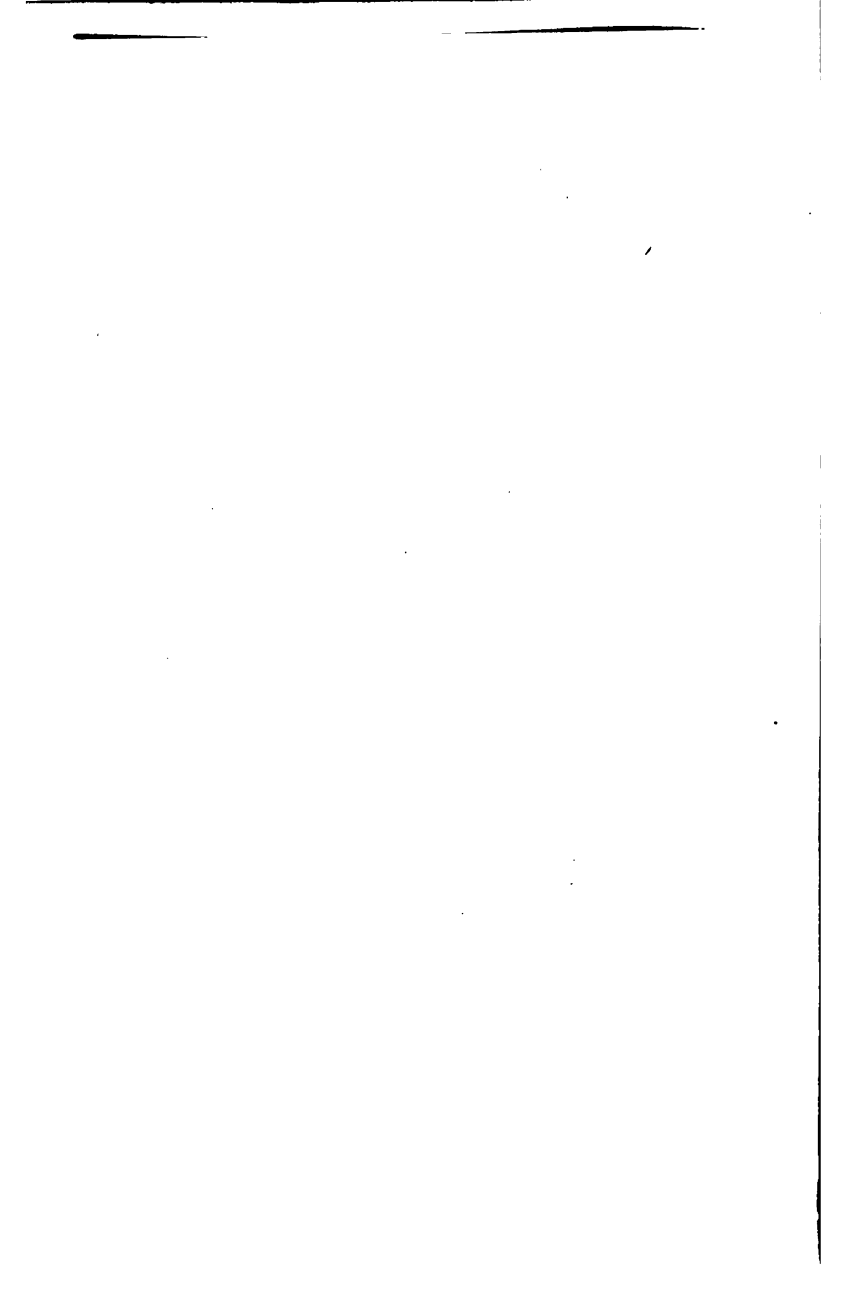
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SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES

By JAMES ^{or}RILEY

AUTHOR OF "POEMS,"

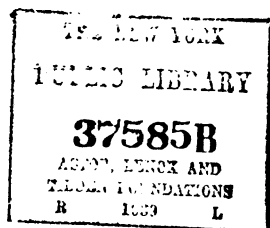
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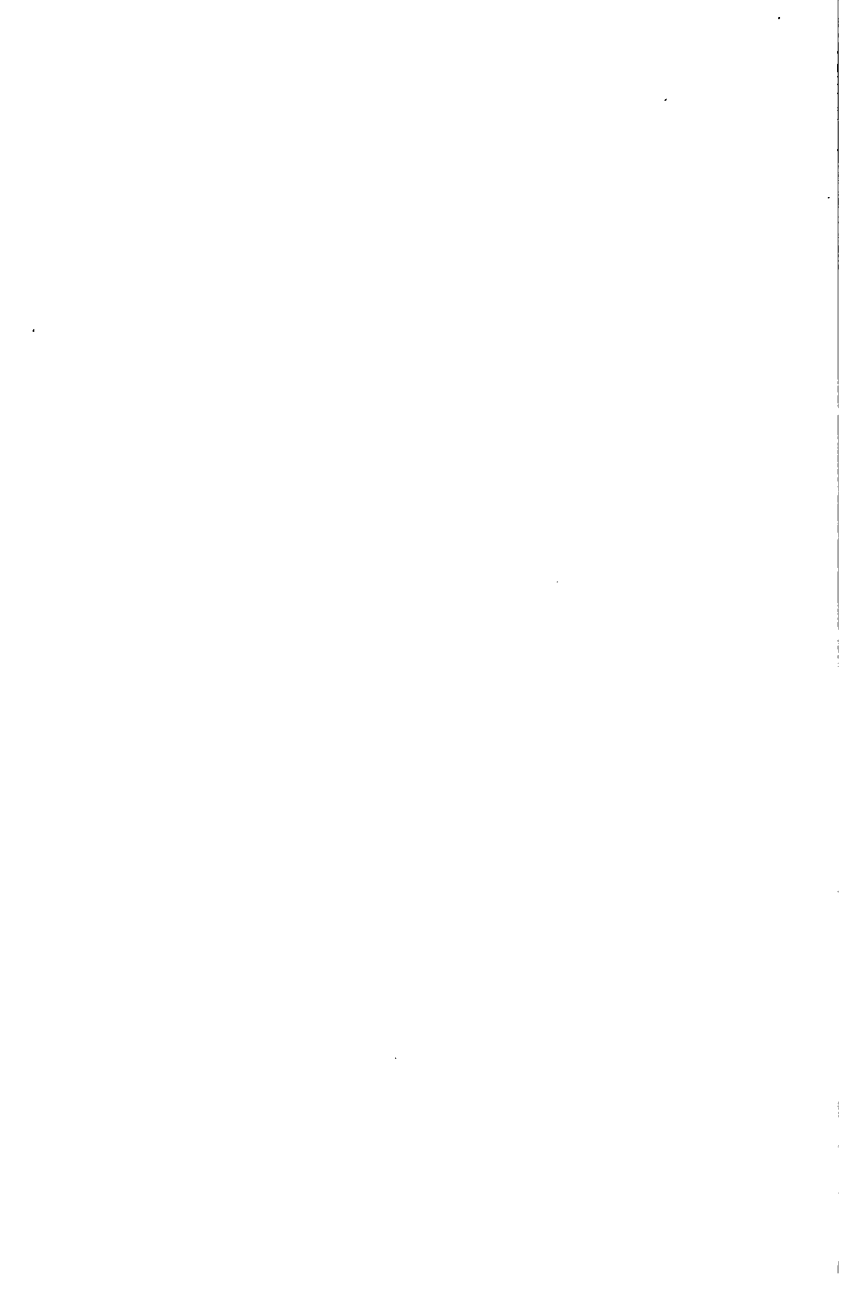
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WITH ALL THE DEEP REGARD WHICH
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

W O 3 19 FEB 1936



CONTENTS.

I. SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND.

	PAGE
MARLTON CATTLE SHOW	9
THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK	15
FRESH HAYIN'	23
✓THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S	29
MY WILLOW WHISTLE	34
A FOGGY MORNING	37
BROTHER JONATHAN LECTURES HIS ADOPTED	40
WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS	43
SONG OF THE MAY	48
MARION HARBOR	49

II. IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE.

MY ROAD AT TANG	53
THE HOUSE BEYANT THE HILL	60
CON GRADY	63
MORNING AT KILLARNEY	67
MY SHANNON RIVER	70

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE TRAVELER IN THE SUN	72
ERIN AWAKENED	75
THE WATERS OF THE LEE	78

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NATIVITY	81
PALOS—HISPANIOLA—1492	86
THE TEACHERS	90
A DREAM OF THE BEAUTIFUL	93
✓ THE AMERICAN FLAG	95
THE THIEF	96
THE WATERS OF THE SOUL	99
THE HARVEST DAY	102
AN OCTOBER DAY	105
THE BROAD LAKES OF BRADORE	108
THE FALLS OF DHOON	111
WELL ENOUGH AND TIDY NEW	113
EYES, TURN FROM WHAT YOU SEE	115
MY MOTHER	117
THE PEDDLER FROM PERU	120
THE RIVER	123
ASPIRATION	126
A DAFFODIL	129
THE FIRST STEP	130
THE POET'S GRAVE	131

I. SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND.



Marlton Cattle Show.

THE fields were white and frosty and the sun was
on them bright,
As down the meadow road we drove in autumn's
morning light;
Saw crops of corn and pumpkins, and orchards bend
their load,
And groaning, rare-ripe peach trees, making joyous
all the road.

Barnyard fowl all loudly calling, broke cheerily the
day,
And weather-cocks, like drifting gold, seemed
answering screech of jay.
Forests, with their colors vivid, opened out to field
and stream.
And burning, distant, golden spires, completed all
the dream.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All of this I saw in wonder on that morning long
ago,
When with my Uncle Ned I rode to Marlton Cattle
Show.
Rode, and crossed the Herring River, sparkling, with
its mills to cheer;
Miles on miles of streaming sunshine breaking on
my vision clear.

Passed Tihonet cross-roads bravely leading up the
hill for Stowe,
To see beyond the world that day on wheels for
cattle show.
Trotting, racing, passing, wheels all dazzling in the
sun;
I knew not where joy ended, but was sure it had
begun.

And when my Uncle said to me, "See all you can
to-day!"
And cracked the whip, and drew the rein, and pulled
into the fray,
I saw but one long white road all shining in the
glow
Of a sun that on was leading far to Marlton Cattle
Show.

MARLTON CATTLE SHOW.

My Uncle would have said much more, but a team
then tried to pass,
And down the hill, and cross the bridge we raced
with Hiram Glass.
Drove through the Eber Village, reaching farther in
the day!
With Hiram just behind us, while before they
cleared the way.

Then leading up, past Saunders' store, we headed
right through Stowe!
With all the people shouting, "Hi, there, for cattle
show!"
So we rode and beat brave Hiram, till our wheels
locked with Sam Coke's;
Held our place ten feet beyond him, till we stopped
to fix up spokes.

Then Uncle said (off-handed), "Such accidents, you
know,
Are happening right along, my lad, driving to cattle
show!
Can't always tell, in driving, just when you ought to
stop!
The wheel is dished, I notice; but we'll find a black-
smith's shop."

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

At Warren's Mills we changed the wheel; the sign
was "Alvin Stiles";
And his son, young Alvin, showed us a way that
saved five miles.
And so we came on Hiram with his horse balked at
the gate,
And as we passed cried Uncle, "Hi, I think you will
be late!"

The Arabian Nights and Crusoe were as nothing to
the light
That now in bright confusion broke on my aston-
ished sight.
There were acres upon acres of living white and
black,
A thousand people up in air, and horses on the
track;

While a fellow loud was shouting to the jockeys
down below,
Till flying gigs and ribbons strained, swept down
the course aglow.
It was then I got excited, stood right on the wagon
seat,
And shouted for the white horse, the second in the
heat!



MARLTON CATTLE SHOW.

He reached it, too, that white horse! and as he
passed the stand,
I thought it was my shouting that made him look
so grand!
In the yards were hogs and horses, sheep and cattle,
cooped-up flocks
Of premium geese and turkeys, Shanghai fowl, and
Plymouth Rocks.

Farther on were tents and streamers; one man writ-
ing with his toes;
And princes from the farthest East in dime and
nickel shows.
Swings and hawkers, singing women; one old man,
in white cravat,
Showed the world in panorama from Bull Run to
Ararat.

I don't think Pandemonium had ever half such
sounds
As cracked my ear with jargon loud, that day at
Marlton Grounds.
There were peddlers, dudes, and fakirs, where we
sat down to eat
A dinner that I relished, till the drums began to
beat:

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Then, looking up, the Governor, and all the guests
so grand,
Including Hiram Glass, passed by to music of the
band.
"Can we go, Uncle, too?" I asked. He answered,
"That's too high;
A dollar for a dinner is too much for me to buy."

A cloud came on the sun just then; it passed, but
left its thrall—
To me a lasting memory of that march up to the
hall!
And ever after, all that day, a secret, sorrowing
thrill
Came on me when I looked and saw the building on
the hill.

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

The fixing of the Clock.

A TRUE STORY.

I NEVER shall forget the night we waited for the
knock
Of Uncle Reuben Allen White to come and fix our
clock,—
The clock that in the corner tall faced the great fire-
logs snapping,
Where glad the firelight glowed for all, e'en to the
old cat napping.

The windows rattled loud and fast, wild struck the
snow the pane,
And up the chimney roared the blast behind the
potted crane.
The great old elms shrieked long and loud, rose
bushes in the storm
As ghosts of June in shriven shroud wild beat the
windows warm.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

We had waited and expected,—mother in her high-backed chair,
And father with his ear at poise,—I see him listening there.
“Hark, a knock!” he says, and speaks: “Take the candle, John, and start!”
The shed door swings, a loose board squeaks,—I’m in the entry part.

Dried apples, stringed, hang in my way, a mouse-box on the catch,
I set the candle where ’twill stay, and lift the iron latch.
’Twas Uncle! coated, muffled thick! comforter, and hat down!
I brushed him off with corn broom quick; he entered, and sat down!

Father stood up and tonged the coals, and I put three more sticks on!
And mother said, “I know you’re cold; set back thar you, John Dickson.
John Edward, get the little brush! Set back you, too, Nance Dyer;
Now, Reuben, don’t you mind the slush; stomp your boots right front the fire.”

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

We jumped around and did as told!—snow lumped
on Uncle's breeches,
Tied at the bottom, warmth to hold,—mother, knitting,
lost three stitches!
She picked them up, and moved around, the circle
one chair wider!
At me for laughing slightly frowned, while Uncle
sat beside her.

Then asked for Hulda, Sam, and Lute, and Susan's
hacking cough;
Said elm-bark, dock, and arrowroot, stewed up,
would ease it off!
So said my mother! she used herbs! had cures for
every hurt!
A set of indigestion curbs, from sage to thorough-
wort!

Now Uncle, sitting back a pace, was getting things
together;
A brush, a hammer, and a case which held a turkey
feather.
I see him now as on that night, though decades in-
tervene,
The central figure of a bright, glad, rustic farm-
house scene.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

A boy he may have been "Rube White," but wondrous grew to be;
He made all wooden clocks go right, and "Thank you" was his fee.
'Tis true, that time, I did not know my uncle in those parts
Which give a nation healthful glow, in purity of hearts.

The young eye past the common thing with instinct sees the true,
The hope that goes beyond the wing of bird upon the blue!
Age talks to youth of its bright days and holds up Memory's glass,
And well the lesson it conveys, if truths said do not pass.

And so it is I turn to-night with loving key the lock,
And bring back Uncle Reuben White come down to fix our clock.
Tall, sixty summers gave to him their blessedness of parts,
An eye Time's shadow could not dim, a heart for other hearts.

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

A blacksmith of no mean renown, his cheery anvil
rang!
At night, the cares of day all flown, some ancient
hymn he sang
And yet, full forty acres broad, smiled from his
hand that planted;
For rain or shine he thanked the Lord, and hoed his
row undaunted.

He held aloft one shining light to be his guide for-
ever!
To dare maintain his views of right, though dearest
friend should sever!
With healthful cheek, on Sunday trim, and hair of
driven snow,
All human kindness was in him, and words their
overflow.

From these cold, passing, present days, when lux-
uries invite,
I turn me to the simple ways of good old Uncle
White.
The ways and days deserving praise—the farmer's
unstarched collar,
Is more to me than all that sways, where Trade pa-
rades her dollar.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

And Uncle White, our clock for test, that night in
simple round,
Showed greatest act, for cause may rest within a
nutshell's bound.
I never saw such change take place! I, holding can-
dle there!
The poor clock's hands wrenched from its face, it
answered with a stare!

And when he lifted from its trunk the blank, de-
spairing head,
My faith in Uncle Reuben shrunk; "You've gone
too far," I said.
Its wooden brains all knocked about, our clock that
night he handled!
The king that was, turned inside out, unfeelingly
he mangled!

He laid it on the table dead! far from its high
estate!
"I'll touch it up with oil," he said, "and then 't will
go first rate!"
He took a walnut from his vest, solemn and ven-
erable!
Said, "Walnut oil, I think, is best," and laid it on
the table.

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

"Now, from that nut, I'll take"—he thought—"oil
for a dozen clocks!"

And on the table's face he brought his fist, and
loudly knocks!

Job and myself are thunderstruck! "Now then,"
says Uncle, "hammer!"

The nut is cracked! he gives a look! then says,
without a stammer,

"John, bring me here a tablespoon—an iron one
preferred!"

And stewing out the oil was soon, while loud the
old cat purred!

Now Uncle, feathering with care each secret, dried-
up bearing,

Says, "Oil, my boy, is everywhere! there's no need
of despairing!"

"Some folks don't know it's in a nut! Some know,
but never crack it!

But those who do, know where is put what buys the
boy the jacket!"

The storm had slackened on the pane, the fire was
modest burning,

As Uncle, muffled up again, stood ready for return-
ing.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Eleven," the old clock sounds its soul,—its well-oiled insides proving.

"I guess," said Uncle, "on the whole, it's time that I was moving."

And as I stood on threshold there,—trees silent in their shrouds,—

"Good night," said Uncle; "I declare, the moon has cracked the clouds!"

FRESH HAYIN'.

fresh Hayin'.

[T'S all well to jest write about the summer an' the
hay,
An' git yer mind a-thinkin' that the farmer's life is
play;
But you come right deown tew it, an' mow, an' rake,
an' sweat
Fer sixteen yaller August hours, you'd write of it, I
bet!

You'd run along into the lines the bright days an'
the black ones,
The hummocked an' unhummocked fields, the truth-
ful tongues an' slack ones.
Swa! swa! the grass a-fallin', an' steppin' at the
stroke,
Them's made fer it, a-talkin', but me, I never spoke.

The day I worked fer Deacon Slade, in pay fer work
he'd done
Fer us a-plowin' in the spring, I tell ye warnt no fun.
An' if a little incident put the whole thing right
down deep
Into my heart an' clinched it there, it's yourn from
this to keep.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The deacon he was peaked, a potater small an'
shaded,
Who buttered both sides of his bread when hoss or
cow he traded!
An' when he come to us that night, fer me to go
fresh hayin',
He thought 'bout fifty cents a day, on 'count, would
be good payin'.

Wall, so 'twas sot at fifty cents, though some folks
kinder nigh,
Thought that bill for greensoard ploughin' was a
leetle mite too high.
At break o' day we started, rakes, an' scythes, an'
forks all in,
To ride six miles to Hawkins Brook, this side o'
Tispaquin.

Hung scythes an' struck in; youngest, the dew off, I
went spreadin'.
The deacon he still mowin' with Pat Quirk and
Zenas Gled den.
"Look out, thar!" cried the deacon; "see that
grass that I left stannin'?"
It's a nest o' yaller tails! Look out!" I heeded his
commandin'.

FRESH HAYIN'.

At dinner by the brook, 'twas thought we'd done
about four acres;
An' Pat Quirk said, between his bread, it was too
much, "be jakers."
Said, "When ye bite more'n ye can chew—" He
reddened, couldn't swaller—
Then lifted up the water jug, an' drank, an' loosed
his collar.

The deacon grinned an' showed his teeth, an' broke
a twig an' bit it;"
Said, "Pat, I guess if we don't start you jest about
have hit it."
He stood up, slowly, whistled, old "Yankee Doodle"
tunin',
An' shouted, "Boys, come, let's set in; come, come,
can't have much noonin'!"

Of all men in our neighborhood who found that
farmin' paid,—
The driver of all drivers,—was Deacon Luther
Slade.
Pat an' Zenas they went polin', I raked ahead the
deacon.
"Take a wider rakin', youngster!" an' that was all
the speakin'.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

I put right in an' worked an' worked with all my
might an' mind;
Rake teeth striking two bare heels said the deacon
was behind.
An' although we worked like tigers, still the sun was
workin' faster,
Till at last it left the pine trees with the shadows
growin' vaster.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried the deacon; "there's a
whole half acre yet."
I took a spurt an' shot ahead, an' had my little
fret.
An' if I thought about our land that warnt half
plowed last spring,
It warnt to think the old skinflint would now get
pay in sting.

As I passed the grass a stannin' I careful laid the
hay
On that settled nest o' yaller wasps asleep at close o'
day;
A-sleepin' an' a-waitin' for that shinin' light o'
men,
The deacon of the Second Church, approachin' judg-
ment then.

FRESH HAYIN'.

For the wrong he'd done our greensoard, an' that bill
that was too high;
For tryin' to stretch daylight out till stars come in
the sky;
For our corn that then was pinlin, its roots not goin'
down
Where corn roots should in August go, to hold up
Autumn's crown;

For the meanness of his bein' an' his greed, that all
day long
Would work a boy, an' Sunday pray fer them was
doin' wrong,—
Don't you think he ought to catch it, makin' two
dews meet the day,
With scythe, an' fork, an' coldest word, an' rake that
slammed the hay?

A-thrashin' right into it; the winrow closin' in;
Heart an' soul, if he'd um, reachin' in a sort o' frozen
grin!
Crush-ush-ush, z-zm zum-m-m-m!
'Twas the rudest song o' natur, but it made the how-
lin' come.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Ow! ow! ow!" cried the deacon, shriekin'. I
looked behind to see
A rake upraised, a singin' cloud, an' man that dashed
at me.
"Put the horse into the wagon!" he shouted, while
he shook
His hat agin the varmints, as he run an' jumped
the brook.

'Twas jest two minutes later, with the deacon drivin'
blind,
I shrinkin' up beside him, Pat and Zenas high
behind,
In that leather-springed old wagon I heard Pat to
Zenas say,
"If it wasn't for the yelly wasps, we'd had a longer
day."

THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.

Thanksgiving Day at Aunt Sally's.

WE started at the break of day,
To cross the hills and valleys;
And well we knew the country way,
From Langley's Mills to Melvin Bay,
While driving, on Thanksgiving Day,
To dinner at Aunt Sally's!

We left three church spires on the right,
Old Tandem Bridge passed over;
To trot a mile with Deacon White,
We left the turnpike for a "kite,"
And for a mile we held him tight,
From Henly Plain to Dover.

At Orrin's Mills we passed a troop
Of gypsies round a wagon;
Their horses loosed, the motley group

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Were roasting eggs upon a scoop,
And drinking something—maybe soup—
From out a pewter flagon.

At White Oak Swamp a hound bayed deep ;
We knew a hare was started :
Then nearer swept the chase—a leap,
A gun's report, and there a heap
Of something on the road ! Life's cheap,
And huntsmen are hard-hearted.

Now to Aunt Sally's drawing near,
Come voices. Jack's discerning
I stand right up, hat off, to cheer ;
Abe pulls me down, and says, " Look here,
You little harebrain ! Don't you fear
The wheels, when they're a-turnin' ? "

Sol swung the great gate open wide
And cleared the way before us :
Then, with my father at my side,
Braced on the reins, we rode in pride
Right to the front door, open wide,
Hallooing in a chorus.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.

Aunt, sleeves rolled up and apron new,
Came out from all her cooking,
And said, "Melinda, how de do?
Theophilus—and Abel, tew?
And Benny,"—she kissed me,—“you grew!
Well, well, you're all well lookin'!”

And now behold us, one and all,
Seated at dear aunt's table;
Father and mother, Uncle Paul,
The hired man, Orlando Hall,
My cousin Jack, and Nell, and Sol,
And my big brother, Abel.

The blessing said, we all “sot to,”
Knives, forks, and plates a-clatter!
The turkey's rich aroma spread;
The cranberries were ripe and red;
And when Sol sighed and shook his head,
Quite empty was the platter!

Tipped upside down, the pudding pot
On a deep dish had waited.
Aunt raised it;—steaming, juicy, hot,

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The pudding lay! All else forgot,
Each by his plums esteemed his lot—
How rich his plate came freighted!

And now the boys have nuts to crack,
So rich and firm in kernel!
Jack shows us next year's almanac,
And Nell, Sol's whittled bric-a-brac,
Bound picture papers, two years back,
And leaves pressed in the "Journal."

Father and uncle talk of crops—
What fields are best for sowing
Potatoes, onions, corn, and hops;
The value of French turnip-tops
For late milch cows, when pasture stops;
What grass pays best for mowing.

At last the sun below the oaks
In crimson fire is sinking;
"Good-bye!" we cry to all the folks,
And, wrapped in buffaloes and cloaks,
Spin down the road with whirring spokes,
Just as the stars are blinking.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.

**Now Melvin Bay is far away,
The late moon lights the valleys :
But when, that night, we knelt to pray,
It was that next Thanksgiving Day,
With all the love that hearts can say,
We'd spend at dear Aunt Sally's.**

My Willow Whistle.

I CALL to mind the many things my boyhood gave
to me—

But best the willow whistle, with its sweet and rural
key.

It came with Moon of June-time, when the birds
were in the trees,

And the scent of grass and clover made fragrant
all the breeze.

Down where the cattle broke their way to brook
with hummocked edge,

And trout looked up and shot behind the further
shade of sedge;

And the small, black turtle, shining, on his rock
beside the brink,

Looked down to greet in gleaming wave the frog
that rose to blink.

MY WILLOW WHISTLE.

Nature's mantle all effulgent, woven in June's loom
 * of gold,
Buttercups and daisies glowing, reached to wood-
 land far and old;
And the great, mild-eyed, horned creatures, looked
 lovingly to see
A barefoot boy beside the brook prepare for melody.

I cut it and I notched it, that sapling willow green,
Slipped bark, and deftly shaped inside space for my
 breath between;
Then to my lips I lifted that rude whistle that I
 made,
And piped a note that clear and long met all the up-
 land glade.

I blew a blast I'll not forget to winds that stopped
 to heed
The music of my soul upon that make-shift willow
 reed.
While my heart rang in that whistle, made by un-
 tutored hand,
Singing Bob and Major Redwing golden linked with
 me the land.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Found they strange new music added to their olden
golden note;
Swallows wheeling struck the brooklet, then away
'neath skies to float;
All the low mead in contentment while the white
cloud never stirred
In the brink of blue beside me, just below the sing-
ing bird.

So I whistled that June morning in the sunlit long
ago,
With my soul of souls unfettered and a heart un-
trained to woe;
All that wisdom for the scholar ever left in page of
book,
Left behind or passed unheeded when a boy I held
the brook.

A FOGGY MORNING.

A foggy Morning.

THE mist hung heavy on the barn, it looked
a-kinder lowrin',
An' the fish above the ridgepole said the day would
sure be show'rin'.
We'd hay down in the upper field, corn needed
second hoein',
An' the new ground in potatoes into weeds an' grass
was growin'.

Uncle on the doorstone raised his hand up silent,
thinkin',
Fog, fuzzy on his coat sleeve, as it darkened, heart
a-sinkin'.
"Wind's to the east'ard, Jake," he said to our man,
Jacob Gough.
Jake he turned an' twisted; said he thought it might
burn off.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

But uncle he thought different, still he didn't feel
quite sartin',
He said, about that auction grass he'd bought of
Ezra Martin.
Barefooted, twelve years old, a boy, I earnestly was
prayin'
A day had come, a day to rest two tired legs in
hayin'.

I listened to them talkin', all the time in silence
wishin',
An' at last I just suggested that 'twould be good day
for fishin'.
Two eyes above the doorstone, an' two above the
path,
Looked down on me in scorn, to see the subject of
their wrath.

"Fishin'!" snarled out uncle, shakin' raindrops
from his collar,
"If ye live to be 's old 's Methuselah ye'll not be
wuth a dollar!
Work all behind, an' fishin'! Don't ye know there's
hay a-spilin',
An' that ye got to work, an' work, to keep the pot
a-bilin'!"

A FOGGY MORNING.

He turned from me to Jacob; as he did there came
a sprinkle.

It pattered on my old straw hat an' gave my eyes a
twinkle;

But they lost some of their brightness when uncle
now said, "Well,

If 'taint a day for hayin', I suppose there's corn to
shell."

Brother Jonathan Lectures His Adopted.

WITH his plaid-patched curderi breeches, an' his
red an' yaller coat,
He has jest come up and registered, and casted his
fust vote;
Talkin', tellin' beout the Bible, an' our institooshuns
grand,
An' that the stars an' stripes must float from each
schoolhouse in the land!

Tearin' up an' deown on platforms, lettin' steam off
agin' priests,
An' bishops, popes an' cardinals—that eat heretics
at feasts.
Sayin' neow's the time or never to defend the flag
we've saved!—
Our homes, our wives an' children, er by Rome
we'll be enslaved!

BROTHER JONATHAN LECTURES HIS ADOPTED.

Wall, I stood it an' I listened till he got his rantin'
through,
An' last night I stood in meetin' an' I sez, " Why,
who be yeou?
Never heard on ye till yesterday!—since that time I
riz the axe
On my ole man at Concord an' ye run to Halifax!

"Ye were mighty still when Sumter's guns went
shakin' up the land,
An' I had my Irish rigiments march in an' take a
hand!
Great strappin' fellers, shot right deown; with a
shamrock on their breasts,
The Stars an' Stripes above um, an' a cross inside
their vests!

"The last guard o' McClellan an' Burnside's furthest
dead!—
No, I guess not, stranger—jest yit, I ain't goin' to
lose my head!
Like 'nuff, in goin' to heaven, our roads may be
apart,
But in pintin' to the ginerall end we're all the same
at heart.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Some my folks were Catholics fur back's 76!
An' thirty-six years later helped me out ev a nasty
fix!
An' as fer Irish—in Mexico—of all Zach's bloodiest
fields,
He found at Paler Alter his biggest hoss was
Shields!

"But the way you've been talkin', St. Peter raves
and swears
When comes along an Irishman that kneels an' says
his prayers.
But now I come to think on't, an' look ye in the
face,
I'll be hanged if you ain't Irish—no credit to the
race!

"But if you come to the United States to jest kick
up a stew,
'Tween Abner Jones an' his man Mike, an' neighbor
Donahue,
'Tell ye here, right square an' now, ye'd better shack
fer home!
I don't want imported patriots to help me keep out
Rome!"

WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

When We Took the Papers.

OF all things in a country store to make its trade
succeed,
You must have the daily papers for the customers to
read.
And they must mean both parties, these sheets of
which I speak,
For if they don't, you'll in the end find trade is
rather weak.

An' that is why we each subscribed, an' paid for year
by year,
Each his opposin' paper, the firm of Way & Speare.
Joseph was Republican, but never come out flat,
An' as for me, Suranus Speare, I was a Democrat;

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

But on the whole the papers paid! The nights we'd
in that store!

Mark Edmunds he a-bilin' out with Democratic lore;
An' Jim Sharpe, tall, Republican, a-readin' an' a-
tellin'

✓ In war times 'bout the treachery o' General George
McClellan;

When "Hup!" would come up on a keg Mike
Hines, an' all was still.

His empty sleeve to give respect, he'd tell of Mal-
vern Hill,

Then bout the folks that stayed at home, an' when
the draft come lied;

Why, if I'd been Jim Sharpe them times, I'd curled
right up an' died.

If you want earth's democracy, the equality of head,
You must find your cracker barrel where the daily
paper's read.

There, with the soil right on the boot, an' face an'
hands well tanned,

You'll find great Nature's orator a-servin' all the
land.

WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

So 'twas with us, the years went 'long, the states-
men sittin' high
On barrels an' on boxes, givin' each the "'tis" an'
"why";
Old faces growin' fewer, men had traveled down the
nation,
Inside of them two papers, that had been their ed-
ucation.

Trade gettin' dull an' duller, till at last we sold out-
right;
(Keepin' each, of course, his paper) to young Fred
Parmenus White.
Only once I went to see him, the young, bright,
smart storekeeper.
Ha! cold! trade light! but, compared to us, he was
sellin' cheaper.

Last week it was we buried my old partner, Joseph
Way;
An' goin' by the sold-out store, silent this many a
day,
I thought of times when we'd our swing, an'
brightly burned Life's taper,
In that old store, where "we held trade," an' each
one took his paper.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Song of the May.

AN opening song upon the glade
That can no more delay;
A blossomed tree by breezes swayed,
And this, this is the May.

The heavens now pale their stars of light
To morns of fairer brow;
While wayward winds o'er waters bright
Quicken each blade and bough.

Tangled at times, but reaching through
To bluest arching skies,
The brook, at last, in clearer view,
Bends where the green branch sighs.

O May! fair May! of months the queen!
Responsive to the soul
Is now the far melodious green,
Where Fancy sees her goal.

MARION HARBOR.

Marion Harbor.

FAR up from the shores of the gull and gale,
The sun's best charms beguiling,
With its forest deep and its pleasure sail,
Lies Marion Harbor smiling.

It is circled round in as joyous bound
As ever made steel-blue crescent;
In the glow of the morning golden crowned
It hails the Omnipresent.

Here Summer clasps her fair white hands,
And lifts her eyes all glowing,
Beside those sunny, golden sands
Her tresses gently blowing.

From its cedared isle to its farthest reach,
Where seaward view discloses
Lighthouse and headland, sanded beach—
Here calm content reposes.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With its ancient town and its regal crest,
And its woodland slope far-reaching,
This earlier wave of the Pilgrim's West
All Nature's love is teaching.

Green are its shores and blue its skies,
And far its forests resting,
That fain would shield their ocean prize
From every storm's contesting.

Seek not for the gems of an Afric sea
When all this wave lies gleaming,
And Morning in her majesty,
With banners proudly streaming,

Rides all this tide! Her golden car
May pass to pomp unending;
But never paled her forehead star
Before such glory blending.

II. IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE.

My Road at Tang.

I SAW not where it went to, and less I cared, I
know,
The roadway of my childhood, in the sunlit long
ago,
But that it passed our doorway, when birds in summer sang,
And went straight on to heaven, was enough, my
road at Tang!
Was enough when life was early, and the heavens' glory showed,
To be born and live six summers by Tang's long,
winding road.

It was so wide and even, and it went so far away,
Up the farthest, highest, longest hill, right into
Ireland's day,
That I knew all heaven's sunlight on its glad way
was impearled!
And that there was no other roadway but Tang's in
all the world!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With its ash tree, and its hawthorn, and its lark that
 heavenly sang,
Sure *no* roadway went to heaven but my Irish one
 at Tang!

That it passed all round old Ireland on its way to
 heaven, I knew,
By the people back and forward who came within
 my view!
By the strange, good, friendly people, in their carts,
 who passed our door!
Their faces filled with innocence that I shall see no
 more.
There was not a cloud above it where Pain her glass
 might hang!
It was always open sunshine before our door at
 Tang!

Whitewashed, straw-thatched, floor earthen, un-
 conscious of all pride
Was our fagot-raftered cot that stood beside the
 roadway wide;
That oped where great boys lingered,—how could
 they be so tall?
And yet so kind as notice me, the smallest boy of
 all!

MY ROAD AT TANG.

Across the road the greenest field, church, yard,
and bird that sang
Music for my early footsteps down the country road
at Tang.

Holy Wells they said had Ireland, and battlement
of Dane;
The Inny and the Shannon that flowed half way to
Spain!
Ruined ancient castles olden built by giants in far
times,
They who built and left a causeway where the ivy
ever climbs!
And who sailed all round old Ireland in great
flagged, enchanted ships,
The morning on their canvas when the sun from
ocean drips!
Ireland's great round sun! that never left her son's
impassioned lips!

They were giants, men enchanted, who held Ireland
in those days,
Tossing mountains while they walked the shore,
their great feet making bays!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Sure all these were not mere fancies, or loud bells
that harshly clang!
But the music of an early heart, whose first beat
was in Tang.

With deep imagined fairy lore, tales that with life
shall stay,
Was the sunlight of life's morning then along my
road's bright way.
Passing up, the stately hedgerows, golden-blos-
somed, furze on green.
After that the little wicket, there, the hedge-side
school was seen;
That one schoolhouse! my one shadow! for at
times the ruler rang,
Very near me, on some urchin who went to school
at Tang!

And although it always spared me, Education gave
its scowl!
Which was enough! and Wisdom flew,—the little
fledgling owl!
Thus it was a shade was harbored beneath that
rough stone-bound,
To vanish with the rowan tree, and green, wide
playing-ground.

MY ROAD AT TANG.

Still I think 'twould have been better, with its beat-
ings and harangue,
If that little hedge-side schoolhouse had been farther
off from Tang.

Not that I disliked my letters less than birds that
o'er me trolled,
For the youngest eye is farthest in its reach for let-
tered gold !
And e'en now, I well remember, headed by its
Roman A,
The marching host to Z go down my primer's page
that day ;
And the plain, dear sign gold-lettered that I read,—
ah ! does it hang
As of old above our doorway, our cottage door at
Tang?

Does the tinker in red waistcoat, the corduroyed
beggar dumb,
And the woman with her child at back, from Bally-
mahon come?
Are they still at work within the bogs? I just
remember where,
Men and girls and boys, bare-ankled, with cherry
cheeks so rare.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Is the man of baize, the fiddler, who cheerily
danced and sang
Before our cottage doorway,—are they all still in old
Tang?

Ah! I see the soldiers marching, passing onward to
Athlone!
A shining line of scarlet timed to some poor soul's
"ochone;
Ochone! Machree, ah me, ah me! these lines, when
will they pass? —
These marching lines of England's red with buckled
helm and brass."
So wailed that day a stricken soul, until the black-
bird sang,
Its heart to cheer all other hearts, when marched
those lines from Tang.

Down the hill one day, slow, winding, came a train
with wailing sound,
And although it hurt the sunlight, still the good
skies never frowned,
Only wept, a sunlit raindrop falling gently to the
ground.
That was all! the slow procession coming told my
heart the rest!

MY ROAD AT TANG.

Told me of some great heart-sorrow, common to the
human breast!
All the people caoining, moaning, with a slow and
solemn tread,
Manly shoulders, highly bearing one of Ireland's
sainted dead!
As they passed before our cottage, bowed we, with
uncovered head.
They were going two miles farther, so my father
softly said.

They were going on to Nohill, down the hill and
far away,
With a sorrow that passed with them, upon that
far-off day!
Yes, going on to Nohill! passing church where no
bell rang!
Only bright rain on the furze-bloom, and a linnet
far that sang
Hope and joy to glorious heaven, stooping with its
skies so low,
Saying, Faith to ancient Ireland sufficed for all its
woe!
That beyond its centuried shadow, its bitterest, bit-
ing pang,
A grave was good in Ireland! and skies were blue
o'er Tang.

The House Beyant the Hill.

WUD its shmoke agin the sunlight,
And its unlatched open dure,
Patsy, John, an' Francis Michael,
Shpinnin' tops upon the flure,
Not a shingle an it painted,
Shtrame an' orchard an' ould mill!—
Shure no place in this new counthry
Like the house beyant the hill!

Days were long upon the railroad,
Slingin' sledge an' shtrikin' bar,
Fitz, meself, an' John McCarthy
Havin' rails from car to car!
But atwixt the blows an' sweatdhrops
Aft me sowl, widout me will,
Wud go up the path and footbridge
To the house beyant the hill!

THE HOUSE BEYANT THE HILL.

Dinner over, Tommy Martin,
Tellin' lies to Christy Kane;
All the min in roars o' laffin'
At the greenhorn out from Slane.
Tin pails empty, pipes a-fillin',
An' the boss sayin', "Come an, Bill,"
Shure I'd hear the wathers runnin'
Past the house beyant the hill.

Shtepplin' heavy night an' mornin',
Back an' forth me reglar way,
Spring an' summer, fall an' winther,
Six to six a workin' day;
Shure I never felt it,—never,—
Pain or ache, or cowl'd, or chill,
So me Bridget an' the childher
Had a house beyant the hill.

"Ireland's far, but this land's nixt it,"
Said I to meself them days;
Walkin' twenty miles on Sunday,
Hearin' Mass wud long John Hayes.
On the way home, at Phil Haley's,
Shtoppin' if the day was chill!—
Ah, there's no time like the ould time,
Wud its house beyant the hill!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All the neighbors now are scattered!
Buried, most them, many a day!
An' I know be Patsy's childher
I'm an ould chap in the way!
Only me an' poor John Daly!
Last week, Thursday, buried Phil!
At the wake we two were talkin'
Av ould times beyant the hill!

Yestherday, wud Francis Michael,
I went down to see his shtore,
An' me heart bruk when I seen it—
Where the ould house was before!
An' I turned me eyes to Heaven,
Reconciled to all His will;
That had left me, altho' lonely,
Shtandin' cowl'd beyant the hill.

CON GRADY.

Con Grady.

I'D like to see, in these late days, the best man
climbin' high,
As when Con Grady on the stage sat up agin the
sky;
His calf boots blacked, his whiskers thrimmed, be-
side the swingin' sign,
Reins in one hand, his horn upraised, the town
clock shtrikin' nine—

Toot-toot, toot-toot, ho-ho! ho-ho! the horses
shtampin' hard.
There's not to-day a Grady left, an' not a hotel yard.
No waitin' long wud Grady, wud his shtrong hands
at the reins,
For he must meet the Rowley mail, the crossroad
stage at Haynes.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

It may be that he's shlapin' wud the South winds
soft an' low,
Above the grave, that houlds widin, him that I used
to know.
But whether there or livin', well I know his sperit
sees
The swingin' tavern sign forninst the spreadin'
chestnut trees.

The stage itself has done its part, the horses an' the
sign;
But sometimes I hear in me heart the town clock
shtrikin' nine—
Toot-toot, toot-toot, ho-ho! ho-ho! I'm in the hotel
yard,
An' Grady's once more on his sate, the horses
shtampin' hard.

Morning at Killarney.

THE clouds from distant peaks unfold,
The morning breaks in glory—
And crag, and keep, and abbey old,
Rich in their glowing story,
Look up to greet the glories rolled
On crumbling ruins hoary.

From Dunloe Gap, where Echo wakes
And calls the elves to rally,
To Dinish Isle, along the lakes
There's peace on hill and valley,
And only rippling water breaks
To show where light winds dally.

Beneath his rock, with brow aglow,
Blind John the hour is winging,

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

As swells his soul, while twangs the bow,
Till all the Gap is ringing ;—
The hanging cliffs of old Dunloe,
That listen to his singing.

The boatman to the eagle calls
Where waters bright are meeting.
Far o'er Ross Castle's broken walls,
Above the white clouds fleeting,
The lark pours music that enthralls
In wild and wayward greeting.

At Brickeen Bridge the shadows stay
To watch the waters flowing;
Round Innisfallen's ruins gray
The ivy old is growing,
And guards where holy men did pray,
And gleams while winds are blowing.

Old Muckross, with each storied grave,—
Great chieftains in its keeping,—
With cloisters dim, and mould'ring nave,
And centuried yew-tree weeping,—
Rests calmly by the gleaming wave,
And wakes not from its sleeping.

MORNING AT KILLARNEY.

In far green fields the lonely fane
Of Aghadoe is dreaming;
But rising o'er the verdant plain,
Its cross no more is gleaming,—
Where sang of old the surpliced train,
Only the sun is streaming.

My Shannon River.

FACES and places are soon forgot
In the pride of life's endeavor,
But the home of the child, be it palace or cot,
Lives on in the mind forever.

This is why to me in the broad, far West
I have seen the bright streams quiver,
To see in dreams a stream more blest,—
My broad, blue Shannon River.

As a boy on its banks I laughed and strayed,
Till sorrow dared deliver
My heart from the hearts of the friends I made
On the banks of the Shannon River.

Ah! the winds blew west,—long, long ago!
Caused a white-winged bark to shiver
With the woe of hearts its deck below,
Far, far from Shannon River.

MY SHANNON RIVER.

To-day I stand in a foreign land,—
See not those waves that quiver,
As when I grasped the friendly hand
That was mine by the Shannon River.

When the sun first rose o'er earth's living green,
And the bounteous, great All Giver
Throned Ireland earth's queenliest queen,
On her breast gleamed the Shannon River.

The Traveler in the Sun.

HE came that day from far away,
And at our cottage door
Unfolded, as we bade him stay,
From out his golden store,
Tales of the world's great winding way
We had not heard before.

It was so good for him to come
So far to tell us three,—
My father, mother, sitting dumb,
I, on my mother's knee,—
All that a traveler's words could sum,
We listening eagerly.

The dust of roads was on his feet,
And on his suit of brown :
A stick to walk, and make complete
The road from Dublin town ;
And with it all a green bag, neat,
And beard that hid no frown.

THE TRAVELER IN THE SUN.

Our hearts were won when he had done
With London's famous towers;
Its spires that rose to break the sun
From cottage such as ours;
That rose to break, but could not take,
The sun from Ireland's flowers.

He held us where the sunlight spanned
Beyond the hill's blue line;
And as he talked of each far land
I saw bright waters shine,—
Rivers that crooned on ev'ry hand,
Past fields more green than mine.

Round the great world I went that day
Far, far as waters run;
Past hills on hills, away, away,
Down Dreamland's way unwon!
A bright, unending road that lay
For traveler in the sun.

The stones along the road so bright,
As white as my soul then,
I saw on roadway streaming light
As rest for trav'ling men;
And on beyond, a town, so white,
It held enthralled my ken.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

I wonder if he still walks down
That road my fancy knew,—
My man of men, in suit of brown,
His stout stick swinging true;
If so, I'll make for him a crown
With Fame's elysian few.

The sun had sunk down in the west;
Its light had left our door!
But as it did, our traveler, blest,
Had gone with all his store
Of memories to final rest—
In my dreams evermore.

Which way he went I never knew,—
That man without a name,
Who came when all the skies were blue,
Unchilled by passing fame!
But ah, that I could tell to you
Which road it was he came!

ERIN AWAKENED.

Erin Awakened.

O INNISFAIL ! thy sorrowing wail
Comes sounding up the years ;
But thou art brave, beside thy wave,
Though bathed in bitter tears.

Red England's rose in noontide blows,
The thistle has its song ;
But far and wide as keel may ride
The shamrock knows but wrong.

Sahara's waste has winds that haste
To linger at Ceylon ;
And dark the hour that opes no flower
To bid the heart hope on.

On car of gold thy sister rolled
On to her goal of fame ;
But gave to thee a sobbing sea,
And centuries of shame.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Ill-omened hour, when darkened power
Smeared blood upon thy grass!
And evermore, on hill and shore,
A ghost is seen to pass.

The night was long, the winds were strong,
And wild the rifted moon
Threw down her light, where, cold and white,
The Fates watched o'er thy swoon.

"She is not dead," the weird ones said,
"Who gave the lands their glow."
Oh, woe to thee, beside thy sea,
To wake in rain and snow!

To wake at night, the moon's broad light
On England's channel strand;
Thou on thy heath, the sea beneath,
With chafed and gyvèd hand.

Stricken and sore, all round thy shore
Guns, hating, turned on thee;
Law reared to wrong the helpless throng,
And perjure thine and thee.

ERIN AWAKENED.

Weep, weep ! but keep what in thy sleep
Thou heldest to thy heart,—
The book of gold ! that, lettered, told
Thine ancient, higher part !

Lands that have light caused by the might
Of thy strong right arm brave,
Touched by thy tears, give word that cheers,
To Erin of the wave !

The sea-gull sweeps, his vigil keeps ;
The wave breaks on the reef ;
But far as sky the clouds that fly
Tell to all lands thy grief.

A sorrowing wail upon the gale,
The burden of past years,
Since Innisfall thy voice didst hail
The flag thy heart revere.

Though rounded earth has highest worth
In thy brain, brawn, and hand,
Still dost thou wait beyond the gate
Of Freedom's promised land.

The Waters of the Lee.

O'ER my soul the mystic dreaming
Of that day returns to me,
And I see the bright sun gleaming
In the waters of the Lee.

Cross, and spire, and turret glowing,
Distant castle, fell, and tree,
Idle sails their gleams bestowing
In the waters of the Lee.

Warm and bright the sun, low setting,
Left its good-bye all to me ;
Purpling clouds alone regretting
In the waters of the Lee.

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

The Nativity.

DAVID'S city, overflowing, now is filled with
traffic's din;
Merchants, all their rich goods showing, hold
reception at the inn.
Not a voice in Bethlehem, calling, answers other
word than "trade!"
"Profit," God's own self forestalling, holds the idol
it has made.

Jostling on their way each other, Israel and Egypt
one,
E'en the Roman is a brother to the Jew he looks
upon!
Cæsar stamped on paltry metal this night is the
god of all
The vast motley throngs that settle every thought
on Mammon's thrall!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

What to sheik, or Roman soldier, Syrian trader
camel-borne,
Is, mayhap, some strange beholder, meekly walking
since the morn !
Tell not him the world's grown colder, by the rich
stuffs it has worn ;
Or that Life means more than getting that which
death's cold hand shall scorn.

Bethlehem keeps wide-open hostel, and when that
is full, what more
For the late one, than to wander homeless past its
crowded door?
Living into Self and Present, Judah sees not past
its night !
Thinks not, in its passing moment, of the writ of
Israelite—

Which has said, in Jacob's city, ancient called
"The House of Bread,"
Shall be born, without its pity, Mary's child in
lowly bed !
Far away, Augustus ruling, calls the world to be
enrolled,
So the future Virgin Mother comes as Holy Writ
foretold ;

THE NATIVITY.

Comes with Joseph to his own town; on this
 night he seeks his own.
Over wintry mountains dreary she and Joseph
 come alone!
They, two travelers, worn and weary, slowly make
 the great inn's gate,
See within the firelight cheery, as they at the
 postern wait.

Flicker in the night the torches, conquering and
 conquered there;
Narrow street and crowded porches, life exultant
 everywhere.
Every house has its own treasure, every heart its
 golden vane,
Farthest line of Bethlehem's measure, sunlight on
 to-morrow's plain.

This while sorrow of all sorrows holds the wander-
 ers that now wait:
They who see no glad to-morrows, waiting at the
 outer gate;
Waiting there for guard returning, Judah's skies are
 very low,
And the farthest star is burning-light, for Mary's
 brow aglow.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Now the answer—it is spoken! and they turn them,
needless wait!
Pity's heart is not awakened; Mary hears it, "You
are late!"
Aye, are late! though clouds are flying low along
the winter's sky,
And o'er Gibeon's mount far-lying, angels weep,
the Presence nigh,—
Weep for mankind, troubled only with the wind
that passeth by.

Shepherds far their night-watch holding over sleep-
ing sheep and kine,
Now behold, afar unfolding, light on plains of
Palestine!
Tabor's mountain, Shiloh's water, Holy Gate and
Rachel's Tomb,
Hillside far as Mount of Olives, transient lift them
from the gloom.

"Israel is no more benighted!" calls a voice, and,
robed in grace,
All the glorious heavens parting, giving glory to
his face,
Stands an angel, high above them, star on forehead
and he cries,
"Ring the words on earth forever! Christ for man
is born! Arise!"

THE NATIVITY.

Farther parted all the heavens, and the angel host
praised then,

“Glory unto God the highest!” and all closed from
human ken.

But the star was left to guide them, and they took
their mountain way,

Wise Men of the East beside them, at that natal
couch to pray.

Star of Bethlehem still is shining, and afar the
angel cries,

Calling unto all low weeping, as of old, “Arise!
arise!

Arise!” the words are thundered earthward!

“Worship now the Living God!

Follow where His footsteps wandered, and of old
His prophets trod!”

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Palos—Hispaniola.

1492.

NIGHT broods on the unfathomed deep,
And knows no moon, nor star!
And all her legioned armies sweep
With pennons streaming far.

Only a waste of waters green,
That since creation's day
No human eye has ever seen—
Old Ocean holds its sway.

The world that erst began to dream
On Asia's morning land,
Holds still the summit of its theme
On that far eastern strand.

And men go down their little way,
Weighted with passing care!
And if a monk and sailor pray,
God only hears their prayer.

PALOS—HISPANIOLA.

A regal, changing East is all
The centuries can show,
With Britain at the outer wall
The limit of its glow.

Rome moves along her warring west
With crozier, staff, and brand,
And ocean with its stormy crest
Awaits the Risen Hand.

The sword that closed on Paynim steep
With Moslem scimitar,
Now over the mysterious deep
Points to a world afar.

To beat her drums on India's strand,
And hold the hills of gold,
And plant the cross with rev'rent hand,
As was by Him foretold,

Spain sails, with all the future fraught,
Upon the crested wave;
Nor peril recks when what is sought
Is empire or a grave.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Now tighten all your rudder bands,
And let your pennants fly!
Before your prows are unknown lands,
Behind is common sky.

Sail on, sail on, ye gallant crafts,
Though clouds break on your lee;
It is a fairer wind that wafts
Your keels across the sea.

The startled sea bird hears and cleaves
The sunset in his track,
But brighter than the wave he leaves
The hope that fears no wrack.

The night hangs low, the storm is on,
Wild flaps the tattered sail,
The plunging ship drives madly on
Before the rising gale.

And stern-browed men their chief around
On the Maria's deck
Hoarse shout, "Turn back, turn back! the bound
Of hope may save from wreck."

PALOS—HISPANIOLA.

But even as they speak, and waves
Go thundering alee,
Rings, "Onward! onward! him who braves
Life for futurity?"

The rifted clouds are breaking fast,
And heaven hangs her star
Over each bared and straining mast,
While rolls the thunder far.

Faith writes along the brow of night,
While stars their music ring.
"O sail," she says; "the morning light
The promised land will bring.

"O sail on wave all undefined
That would your course delay,
Until upon the sea the wind
Brings fair isles of Cathay!"

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The Teachers.

GOD made the hills for thought sublime,
The vales for love and laughter;
Twin teachers they, of flowing rhyme,
To man for ever after.

And though one leads where glories ring,
And one be love's defender,
It is to teach the eagle's wing
Is near to longings tender.

Divinely linking dreams of soul,
They act on man's endeavor;
Inspiring answering songs that roll
For ever and for ever!

As far as sunshine of the heart,
In language deep, all glowing,
They teach the old and higher part—
Perspective's dream bestowing.

THE TEACHERS.

They lead to Genius' silent sway,
That artist soul may capture
The golden measure of the day,
For unborn age's rapture.

Inspiring nations to be brave,
They uphold all flags flying;
And strike the shackles from the slave
In words that are undying.

The highest goal is for the soul
Of him who scales the mountains;
Who follows down the streams that roll
From far perennial fountains.

All Beauty's dream is but a gleam
Of hills and valleys drinking
The sunlight of each wayward stream
That wells from fonts unthinking.

He drinks Life's waters and is cheered
Who knows the vales will bless him;
The rime of time upon his beard,
Suns linger to caress him.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

**Then hail the Light that lifts the night !
The hills and vales adorning ;
Showing afar the Maker's might,
As on that first bright morning.**

A Dream of the Beautiful.

I DREAMED of all things beautiful, of olden
lands and new;
Of spire and mosque and tall kiosk, and wonders of
Peru;
Of ships that sailed when morning hailed the
water's kindling blue.

I dreamed of all things beautiful, and kindly were
the flowers
That oped and bled and perfume shed on rosy-ker-
chiefed hours,
That heard the old glad songs of gold, while pass-
ing Love's fair bowers.

I dreamed of all things beautiful! Day's gates flew
open wide,
And streaming strands of olden lands, I saw them
in their pride!
I marked a caliph in the sun by Cashmere's golden
tide,
And heard the tinkling of the lutes when day to
evening died.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

As far as waters gleam I ran, far down the ancient
past!
The glittering towers of Ispahan on me no shadow
cast;
I passed Hope's airiest caravan with music on the
blast!

On glowing car, as far as star, or roadway of the
sun,
I left behind to wave and wind earth's shadows
passing dun;
Until at last a glorious, vast perspective height I
won!

I dreamed of all things beautiful that live for me
and you!
Of tower and mosque and tall kiosk, and temples
of Peru!
Of ships that sailed when morning hailed brave
flags that glorious flew.

The American flag.

THAT ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it
fly!

It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight, and lit
McHenry's sky;

It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest
wave

The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er
inspire the brave.

Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath
its radiant glow,

But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!
Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages
yet to be,

To guard those stars that never paled in fight on
land or sea.

Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of
all lands;

Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm
their upraised hands;

Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's
circle shore;

Its stars, the print of angels' feet that shine for-
evermore!

The Thief.

"THESE fields, these hills, these trees are mine,
These acres, to the tide;
As far as yon tall, yielding pine
That tops its own with pride,"
The rich man said,
While round him spread
Autumnal glories wide.

But, as he spoke,
Down by an oak
He saw an artist stride;
One who in colors serves the whole
Of all that is, when rounds the soul;
And with his canvas on his back
Stood watching where he would unpack.

It seemed the very colors all
Of nature, with its vine-clad wall,
The burning ivy's richest gold,
The crimson of the maple's fold,
Were in that pack that he set down,—
This dreamer from the crowded town.

THE THIEF.

Two souls that moment, different planned,
Looked out upon the glorious land;
With one, it was self's lower span,
The other saw all God gave man.
One traced the beautiful in gold
Of sky and cloud; the other, cold,
Shriveled to facts and legal sense,
The clutched rood of inheritance.

"Paints!" said the rich man, "of the trade
That joins things of which dreams are made,
A dabbler in the light and shade
Of seasons! Let him stay;
He cannot steal my fields away."
And so the lord of many acres,
Without much love for picture-makers,
Allowed the artist by the brook
To sketch from Nature's open book.

That night the wind blew cold and chill,
And morning found a wind-swept hill.
Trees rose dismantled o'er the stream
That heartless broke in distant gleam;
Cawed on their branch the raven brood,
Disturbers of the solitude.
Dark Desolation's first cold stride
Was printed down the landscape wide.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Watched long the owner of the hall,
Disorder's realm in field and wall;
Leaving to him in title deed
Only a cold and broken mead.
"Life's but a dream," he said, and sighed;
"These upturned trees, late in their pride,
Now show on lacerated plain
The emptiness of all man's gain."

On that same hour the city's heart
Woke to a new and better part.
A picture had been wrought, the tide
Of Autumn flung in all its pride
Upon the canvas—Time defied
A sovran of Expression's clan
Had halted all the liveried van
Of Sorrow—far and wide—
Plumed for the final ride.
And disenthralled, the soul of man
Had told Wealth it had lied.

THE WATERS OF THE SOUL.

The Waters of the Soul.

ROUND about ourselves we draw
Mantle of the higher law,
When at love's behest we pen
Lines that live in souls of men;
Lighting up, that all may see
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Memory's haunted halls of youth,
Radiant with the living truth,
Towers all gleaming in the sun,
Glittering there since time begun;
We may make more glorious still
If on far Pierian Hill
We make men who come and go,
See effulgent waters flow.
All for them the round of praise
In these ultra-common days.
All for them we hold the glass
Up to nature while they pass.
All for them relentless Art
Doth demand the bleeding heart,—
That the canons of her grace
May not change by time or place.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Rapturous dreams of wondrous night
Holding heavenly stars of light;
Clambering heights to morns unrolled—
Sovereigns of the crowns of gold—
Valleys far as Toil's own girth,
Gladdening all the generous earth,—
These are ours, to give all men,
When His voice directs the pen,
When His voice through us shall swell
Waters deep that inward dwell;
And melodious, glad streams play
Onward down the fields of day!

Word and deed and skies all glow
When in golden numbers flow
Thoughts that living in a dream
Are beyond the things that seem,
Telling of the world's advance
To its own inheritance!
Only that the child may read
Lesson deep with noble deed!
Only that our age become
Something more than Man-child dumb!
Only that one of the throng
Read, to make the rest more strong!
Only this, and nothing more,
Should keep sail on favored shore!

THE WATERS OF THE SOUL.

Cares the child when we shall sleep
Under grasses broad and deep,
Whether we be rich or poor,
So the songs we sing endure?
So the voices that give cheer
Shall live on from year to year!
And his schoolboy's satchel hold
Deed of hero brave and bold!
Every thumb-marked page with king,
Rich in poem born to cling!
Cities gleaming in the sun,
Showing work by genius done.

Better that the lamp we light,
Than bewail the shades of night!
Better that to earth we leave
Changing skies that smile and grieve!
Better far the great deep song
Down the changing lines of wrong,
Giving to all burdened men
Widening thought from strengthening pen,
Something of ourselves a part!—
Language born of our own heart!
Better delve, and toil, and hold
To all heaven the minèd gold,
Be it but one glittering grain,
Than transcendent live in vain!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The Harvest Day.

SUNLIT and peaceful; fields all sere;
Fruition's dream most blest!
The rapturous harvest day is here,
And, tired, the world finds rest.

An all-pervading music low
Possesses hill and stream;
It reaches where the maples glow
Upturned in waves that gleam.

Bright banners reddened in the fight
With Winter's first white train,
The wooded hills, that in their light
Show victory over pain;

The glories of the firmament,
The splendor of the field,
The hand of the Omnipotent
Before us has revealed.

THE HARVEST DAY.

A dreamy brilliancy of scene
Is all we see below
The skies, that, closing, intervene
On ripened fields aglow.

Calm is the sluggish, shallow stream
That bears upon its breast
The variegated leaf—the dream
Of Summer gone to rest.

Fair Promise swung her higher sun
Till Junetide's hot noon hour
Proclaimed, as far as waters run,
That Nature was in flower.

Then turning to a lower day,
Her circling orb went round,
Till mellow Autumn came to say
Joy's increase had been found.

The rustle of the garnered sheaf
Is now Contentment's own
Last crowning robe, as she, in brief,
Mounts upward to her throne.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

**Faith planted long-with prayer the seed
Deep in the upturned sod :
And now from storm and shadow freed,
The field looks up to God.**

AN OCTOBER DAY

An October Day.

NOW comes a calmness on the fields,
A music in the air,
And Nature's rich profusion yields
Her gladness everywhere.

Far on the hills the mellow haze,
High up, the vaulted blue;
A world enchanted meets our gaze—
Old, yet for ever new.

The lazy, tumbling bee hath found
The thistle's downy breast;
Where maples bend, in silver sound
The river sings of rest.

The wheeling swallows now prepare
O'er hills and fells and streams
To bid good-bye to scenes as fair
As Beauty's golden dreams.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The summer came and went with song,
To bring a brighter day
Than ever down its hours long
Held triumph over May.

The fervid August brought its sheaf,
September held its dream,
But now has come the crimson leaf
To tell October's theme.

A calm contentment fills the soul
That dreams where brooklets run,
That sees the long year silent roll
Its glad days into one.

The splendor of the summer time,
The rosy flush of June,
Love's laughter and its sylvan rhyme
Comes now in brooks attune.

And clouds along the mountain's brow,
Bright, pearly isles afar,
Show Fancy, with her silver prow,
Who leads from star to star.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

One perfect earth 'neath faultless skies,
One brief, bright, glad hour given,
October's day, to human eyes,
Is but a glimpse of heaven.

The Broad Lakes of Bradore.*

ATLANTIC roars and thunders its frown on either
shore,
But inland far, Cape Breton holds the broad lakes of
Bradore.
Her green arms fond embracing this wave she would
defend,
Since Morning blotted her first star, no wave knows
fairer trend.

Here Nature draws her jeweled hilt and wears her
regal crown,
From headland waters of the North to Old St.
Peter's town,
The far-off hillside sloping, the fisher on the lee,
One round of light, with cottage white, a golden in-
land sea.

Planned for an island's splendor, for a glory all its
own,
Here Love and Heaven left to light a day elsewhere
unknown.

* Bras d'Or.

THE BROAD LAKES OF BRADORE.

The "Arm of Gold," they called it, those French-
men long ago,
This grand connected wave of tides that ceaseless
ebb and flow.

The story of a Louisburg, its glory and its shame,
Down all these waves to Port Toulouse lives in a
line of flame;
Down to the fort a Dennys built, Toulouse upon the
height!
Where now the isthmus cloven, sea and lake are
chained in light.

But gladness of the lilies of old France is living still,
It speaks where climbs the village of the fisher on
the hill;
It points unto the Micmac in his light canoe at morn,
Who from this glad wave looks to see the cross that
gleams to warn.

Here too, old Scotia's sons behold a wave as bright
as when
Their fathers left the Hebrides, brave clans of High-
land men.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

O waters of Cape Breton! land-locked and heaven-
spanned!
The majesty of all that is, or seems, in you com-
mand!

A thousand feet below your tide, the very sands
must know
That o'er them shines a brighter sun than gives the
Ganges glow.
The silence of the heavens and the rapture of the
shore,
All, all that breathes soul music, claim the broad
lakes of Bradore!

THE FALLS OF DHOON.

The falls of Dhoon.

[The River Dhoon is one of those beautiful little streams upon the Isle of Man which the Manx, for the want of comparison, call rivers. Passing over the bold headlands, it descends 500 feet, in three precipitous leaps, to the sea below. So tangled is its way, that only two of the cascades can be seen at a given point.]

SINGING all the livelong day
One glad, golden tune,
Ever down the woodland way
Leap the Falls of Dhoon.

Laughing in their light array
To the hills that climb:
Breathing music all the day
To their olden rhyme.

Pausing where the green arched way
Listens to their croon;
There to hide from light of day
The secrets of the Dhoon.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Jewels of the mountain fay,
Sapphire, pearl, and gold,
All that Nature can display
She has here unrolled.

Down the deep and shadowed way,
Far from highest noon,
Lithesome as the sylvan spray,
Laughs and leaps the Dhoon.

Joyous as a boy at play,
Mona's mountain pride
Leaps to reach old Neptune's sway
Down the green hillside.

Leafy-crowned and laughing May,
And the minstrel June,
Love the skies that long delay
O'er the Falls of Dhoon.

Well Enough and Tidy New.

TIDY NEW had eyes so blue
That all the flowers kissed her,
And said, Sit down, dear Tidy New;
O come and be our sister.

Well Enough was coarse and rough;
She was Tidy's cousin;
But Tidy New of Well Enough
Was worth six hundred dozen.

Well Enough went down the street
On the mud side shady,
Across the street her cousin neat
Walked a little lady.

Not a spot on Tidy's dress,
Coat and hat so jaunty,
Sunlight on each streaming tress,
Going to see aunty.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All the birds up in the trees
Flit three branches nearer
Down to Tidy, just to please,
Feet now coming nearer.

Well Enough and Tidy New
In the summer weather
Walking, 'neath the skies so blue,
To their aunt's together.

Both will come back ere the night
Along the road all shady,
One, I know, a perfect fright,
And one a perfect lady.

EYES, TURN FROM WHAT YOU SEE.

Eyes, Turn from What You See.

EYES, turn from what you see,
The brighter world to scan;
The world that here might be,
If man were true to man.

Prayers for a brother's wrong;
Tears for a brother's hate;
So shall the weak grow strong,
The strong be truly great.

Deeds are as stars that glow,
Or cinders of the earth,
Showing the high and low
Degree of human worth.

Dark clouds are overhead,
They hide the bright sun's crest,
But they will change to red
Ere low he sinks to rest.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Each has his goal to gain,
His living part to do;
False to the trust, the pain
Is not for me or you.

The wealth or dearth of soul
Is not of human will.
God sees the rounded whole;
He marks the good or ill.

Turn, then, from what you see,
O eyes that too close scan,
And pray the time may be
That man be true to man.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother.

I STOOD to-day in the valley of the years that
long had fled,
Where Memory's golden jewels are linked in a silver
thread,

And I asked my heart's deep beating if the blight of
the Present's wrong
Should crush out all the gladness it knew with the
years of song;

When it followed the winding river that led past
the sloping hill,
And the sun on the far horizon gave gold to the
mountain's rill;

When the trees in their bourgeoned beauty to the
heavens seemed to pray,
And all around the soul of song held sweet, trium-
phant sway?

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Should the morn it knew be blasted by the noon-
day's burning rays?
By a world that only listens to its own false meed of
praise?

Then my heart, in its treasured fulness, to my spirit
thus did say :
"Soul of my soul, thou'st garnered one joy that
shall ever stay.

"Deep down as the world's foundation, as pure
as dream of the blest,
Is the love the mother bestows upon the child she
holds to her breast.

"She, who guided thy feet unsteady, taught thy little
hands to pray ;
She, who pillowed the long, brown ringlets, at close
of the golden day,

"And who gave thee thy first sweet blessing to light
up this valley of tears ;
She, thy mother ! who, now in heaven, first guarded
thy infant years,

MY MOTHER.

“ Her love is as the angel’s whose wings are above
thee spread,
Thy guide and guard eternal, wherever thy feet may
tread.”

The Peddler from Peru.

HIS pack was wide, his step was slow,
His thin locks as the winter's snow;
And when he asked for stranger's fare,
And at our hearth a place to share,
The frugal board was further spread,
And answer to the old man said
That he was welcome to the few
Coarse comforts that our cottage knew.

Long sat we at the table when
We found our guest knew much of men.
For he had been as far as Spain!
And even sailed the Indian main!
Had seen the wondrous Southern Cross,
And told us of the albatross.
But most of all, the wonder grew,
Our friend was born in far Peru!

THE PEDDLER FROM PERU.

Astonishment sat at the board,
Such guest was worthy of a lord !
He told us of its mines of gold,
A templed city far and old,
Great rivers lost in desert sand,
And mountains far o'er table land !
But most of all, could it be true ?
There was no rainfall in Peru !

Dissent sat at the table's head
And to the stranger sternly said,
"No rain, my friend ? if that be so,
How can their crops be made to grow ?"
He cut his meat and held his tale,
Said, "Of good crops there is no fail ;
Instead of rain there is much dew,
Which does for rainfall in Peru."

That night he held us at the hearth,—
The rain at times came from the north,—
Then, merchant of the random trade,
His pack unstrapped and goods displayed,
And asked would we an old man's load
Ease on to-morrow's weary road.
We bought in pity, to find true
That honest worth came from Peru !

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With trade all done, a kind meant word,
Asked for his home—his being stirred !
And slowly down his aged cheek
A tear, said what words could not speak.
The firelight's blaze grew passing dim ;
A look went up, all meek, to Him !
The tear he brushed. 'Twas then we knew
There was the heart rain in Peru !

The morning broke all bright and clear ;
He packed his pack and blessed our cheer ;
And down the road with limp and cough
Was lost beyond the hill far off.
So went our guest, who last night told
Of foreign lands, and men, and gold ;
But most of all, that skies were blue,
And no rain fell in all Peru.

THE RIVER.

The River.

A WAY from the wasted places,
Where love can never grow,—
From the town, with its careworn faces,
Where only bleak winds blow,—
I sit by the river, winding
Past fields I used to know.

I see the horizon bounding
The heavens that are near;
And with birds in the treetops sounding
Their music sweet and clear,
Comes the song of the river winding
Upon my listening ear.

I dream! and my dreams are blended
With a murmur low and sweet,
The brook, with its journey ended,
And the river incomplete—
Each with its wayward winding
To tempt impatient feet.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Far o'er me skies are gleaming,
And stately bends each tree,
And I, through the long day dreaming
Of days that yet shall be,
See the river onward winding
With its music all for me.

From the ideal in its fervor
Reflected in the blue
Bright waters that flowed near me
On that distant day so true,
I have passed that river winding,
To the world's cold, broader view.

Passed on to dark streams flowing
That are made of human tears,
Where the trended vale is showing
Only sky that never cheers;
Down many a painful winding
To the troubled future years.

Aye, I've lived! And the years increasing
Have brought at times despair!
Sun after sun decreasing,
And winter everywhere;
Since those days when by the river
I dreamed of all things fair.

THE RIVER.

But now, with the late sun glowing,
O'er yon horizon's line,
Nearer, nearer, ever flowing,
Comes that river fair of mine;
That river with its music
Winding on with song divine.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Aspiration.

I SAID if I were a painter, this night as the sun
went down,
Over the distant snow-line beyond the valleyed
town,
I would leave all my soul on Glory's wall in a painting
of renown.

It should be of the work of the Master, that I saw
gleaming there,
His own hands holding the canvas, that His love
His child might share,
The dream of the soul exultant when answer comes
to prayer.

Great ships with their royal banners and sails all
pressing free,
Celestial golden islands on waves of crimson sea,
And beyond, the port of the angels! All these held
up to me.

ASPIRATION.

All these lands should be my picture, these islands
old and blest!
Effulgent as the light of dreams that lull the soul to
rest,—
I said this night unto my soul; if I the brush
possessed.

Day lifted afar its finger in one last gleam of gold!
And the angels rolled away the dream in silent,
burning fold,
Which said that Heaven's own painting I could no
more behold!

So went the day—all measured—away on Time's
great roll!
Lost to mankind—sunlight given—in its weight of
present dole;
Broken only when the artist paints and leaves to
men his soul.

My heart's weight pressed me deeply, as twilight's
sombre train
Came down the western heavens and gathered in
the plain,
And I sank to the ground and sorrowed for a day
that had been in vain.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With the dream of my dreams all vanished, I rose
to a purpling sky,
Hope's evening star was shining, and winds said,
with low sigh,
"The *word* is the poet's pigment, let it answer *your*
spirit's cry."

A DAFFODIL.

A Daffodil.

BETWEEN the green field and the gray,
The bird upon the hill,
I saw to-day in sheltered way,
A laughing daffodil.

“O laughing daffodil,” I said,
“A tender grace is thine!
To bloom upon old winter, dead,
And cheer this heart of mine.

“You lift my soul to yon blue arch,
Appealingly and fair!
That so, beyond the winds of March,
I may all Heaven share.”

The first Step.

HE who on the printed page
Is more than churl and less than sage,
Brings to it as rarest dower
Summer's fragrant opening flower;
Holds for nearer eye to view
Heaven's broad celestial blue,
Rounds within a breeze-turned leaf
Lines that live in summer brief,
Sees all glory far and free
When the new day lights the sea,
Watches Beauty break her glass
In the roadside on the grass
When a trembling drop of dew
Pearly meets the sunlight new,—
Though he may conceal his power
In a budded half-blown flower,—
Listening at the river's brink
Ere he at the fount doth drink,—
Yet he sees o'er heights afar
Peerless heaven's brightest star,
And has earned the poet's claim
To the outer gates of fame.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

The Poet's Grave.

WHEN comes the gently breathing spring,
And trees their branches rise,
Methinks the birds more sweetly sing,
With brighter iris on the wing,
Where low the poet lies.

To him the heir of all things blest
Fair Nature weaves her gold;
And tells the morn with gleaming crest
To leave upon the singer's breast
Her crown of jewels old.

I care not where may be his grave,
'Neath home or foreign sod!
The treetops that above it wave,—
Because he lived to make men brave,—
More surely turn to God!



